The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

The Bird's Jubilee.

CHAPTER II.

And then they all wished
To be prettily dressed;
They would see many strangers
And they'd shine in their best.

The grasshopper's coats
Were quite rusty and soiled;
To make them look decent
They had busily toiled.

The Humble-bees said
Their sacks were not new;
But with brushing and mending
They thought they would do.

The Cricket looked down
At her dark dress and sighed;
But her face quickly brightened
And chirping, she cried,

"My dress and my face
Are both homely, 'tis true,
But I'm told 'tis no matter
If goodness shines through."

Then just when the summer
Wore her loveliest face,
Came the jubilant day
When the picnic took place.

About the hour of noon
The guests began to come;
I cannot now describe them all,
But I will speak of some.

Their niceties and rarities
Thsy spread upon the grass,
As each one in their turn
The pleasant spot would pass.

Now as for the procession,
It was the queerest thing
To see these cunning creatures walk
With a hop, jump and a spring.

There were the pretty Wood Doves,
Some with rings around their throats;
Then came our friends the Blackbirds
In their shining, glossy coats.

The merry-toned Bob-lincoln's
In their uniforms so gay,
With their next neighbors gossiping
They chattered the whole way.

The Swallows with their dandy coats,
Like satin did they shine;
And then their fawn-colored cravats,—
Dear me, they looked so fine!

The Thrushes and the Mocking birds,
In suits of dusky hue;
The Jays, with crests upon their heads,
Wore splendid coats of blue.

One family of Robins came
In dress of gold and black;
While their cousins wore a bright red vest
With a handsome dark-brown sacque.

The cheerful sparrows all were there,
The old and young together;
Light-hearted people were they too,
Though not of gayest feather.

Then came that joyous little band,
The Linnets, with their coats
Of straw color all trimmed with black,
Warbling their sweetest notes.

Next, was a troop of tiny folk
In purple and rich green;
Some had bright rubies round their throats
The prettiest sprites e'er seen.

That was a tribe of Humming birds,
Each carrying in its bill
A favorite flower that they might sip
The honey drops at will.

Now came the various insect clans;
First step the Butterflies,
And very gaily were they drest
In robes of richest dyes.

The Dragonflies, with wings of gauze
Were there with all their cousins;
The Beetles in their coats of mail,
And Lady-bugs by dozens.

Both families of Bees were there,
And it was really funny,
To see them carrying their loads
Of sweetest, purest honey.

The Grasshoppers and Crickets too,
Right nimbly were they springing;
The industrious little Ants came next,
And each her mite was bringing.

Their marching, it was odd enough!
Their steps they did not measure;
Their music was of various sorts,
So they whisked about at pleasure.

When these happy creatures all had passed
In procession round the glade,
And on the rich green velvet turf
Their offerings had laid;

Oh! then in many a joyous group,
So brilliant and so gay,
They chattered, danced and clearly sung
As the moments passed away.

Fanny Firefly.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Alf was again on the street, he meditated what was best for him to do.

The day was wearing away. The long shadows of the masts made him notice that the sun was getting low. He thought with almost a shadow of discouragement how little the day had done for the furtherance of his plans. He had hard work to choke back the tears that came, when he thought how lonely it was for him to be left without John in this great city, and of the many difficulties that seemed to beset him whenever he made any attempt toward getting a ship to sail in.

Then the question came to him, "I wonder if it is right for us to go? If we had been doing what was right from the first, I wonder if all these difficulties would have sprung up in our way. I remember mother's saying once that it was a sure sign that you was going wrong in this world, when you found obstacles at every step. Surely if that is a good rule to be governed by, we ought to give up this plan of ours, for we have had nothing but difficulties from the first hour that we set out on this journey, to this hour. If it is to go on this way, what a dreary time we shall have on a long voyage, and in a foreign country after we arrive at the end of the voyage.

I think John — poor fellow — would be quite willing to give up the plan, and go home again. I wonder if *I* am willing.

Now came a great struggle in the proud boy's mind. He thought of his home, and all its comforts,—of the dear friends that he had left there, and the many happy hours that he had spent with them. He thought of all the kindly faces in the neighborhood of his home. He contrasted them with some of the faces he had seen the past week. He thought of the safe, delightful shelter of his father's roof and compared it with the uncertainty and danger that surrounded him here; and these thoughts almost compelled him to say,

"I will go home again."

But then came evil tempters, and whispered,

"You will be laughed at and ridiculed if you go home again now. Everybody will make fun of your lack of courage. They will say there's a boy that undertook to seek his fortune, and hadn't pluck enough to go to sea after he got in sight of the water."

Alf listened to these tempters, and his pride gained the mastery.

"I must go on now," he said to himself. "If I had it all to do over again, I would not leave home. But since the deed is done, and I am fairly unmoored, by my own act, from all those home comforts, I must go on and carry out my plan. The plan may be a bad one, but that is not my question now. It is made, whether it be good or bad, and must be carried out."

Poor mistaken boy! How much at that moment he needed some kind, judicious friend to tell him that persevering with a wrong will never make it right—that there is but one way back to happiness when you have gone away from it by wrong doing; that is, in leaving at once the wrong path, and setting your feet again steadily in the right one.

But there was no such friend near him, and so he stumbled on in his blindness.

While he had been thinking, he had wandered a long way down the wharves, had passed many vessels without asking a single question, or interesting himself in them in the least.

He was wakened to a consciousness of this, by a sailor who was lying in his wa so that he touched him with his foot in passing.

"Halloo, boy," he said, "what do you mean by walking over folks in that way?"

"Did I hit you?" said Alf. "I did not intend to."

"I can't speak for the intent of your head, but a kick is quite the same to me, whether your head meant it or your feet."

"Neither my head nor my feet meant it. So you must forgive it, and think no harm of me."

"Very well, very well," said the sailor, "I am not going to be hard on you for *one* kick. I have had many a one in my day that was worse than that. I'll stand treat, and that will make us friends."

"No, thank you," said Alf. "I am in a hurry just now, and have no time to stop."

"You didn't act much as if you was in a hurry when you was groping along here just now."

"But I am," said Alf, "in something of a hurry. I have left a sick friend, and must get back to him as soon as I can."

"Well, I won't hinder you. But I am going your way, and if you haint any objections I'll walk along with you."

"Very well," said Alf in a hesitating way. He did not object to having some one to speak to, for he felt very lonely. But he could not help feeling a little caution about taking a stranger into close companionship, after the experience that he had so lately had.

"Where might you be going?" said the sailor.

"I was walking down the wharves to take a look at the ships."

"Thinking of the sea?"

"Well, yes, a little. Do you know of any ship that I might be likely to get a chance on?"

"Is this your first time out?" said the sailor, answering one question by asking another.

"Yes, I have never been to sea before."

"Well, I don't know about your getting a chance right away. Green 'uns aint so much called for just now as there is plenty of old 'salts' can be had for the asking. This place has got plenty of 'tars.' More'n ever I see layin' round anywhere else."

"Do you belong to New York?" Alf asked.

"Me? Laws, no. I don't belong anywhere."

"You go to sea?"

"Oh, yes. I go when I can get a chance."

"What ship do you belong to?"

"I don't belong to any just now. I have been layin' round here for more'n a week, tryin' for a chance and haint got none yet."

"What kind of a ship do you want to go on?"

"Kind? I tell you a fellar can't afford to be partikeler in these days, about kinds. I'll jump at any chance I can get."

"Have you been much to sea?"

"Oh yes, allus."

"And do you like it?"

"I don't know as I've any call to like, or dislike. I jest goes, and that's all there is about it."

"What kind of ships have you been sailing in?"

"All sorts. I'm never partikeler about sorts. I'll go in any of 'em that'll take me."

"But not all ships are equally agreeable, are they?"

"I don't know that any of 'em are very agreeable, for that matter."

"Why do you go to sea if you don't find it agreeable?"

"Because I must get my livin' and I don't know any other way."

"Well," said Alf, "I'd learn some other way pretty quick if I had an occupation that I didn't like."

"Oh, you would, would you? Well, I would, if I could, but I tell you that's easier said than done. We shall see what you'll do when you try goin' to sea."

"I am not going to sea, thinking to do that all my lifetime."

"What makes you go at all then?"

"I want to get out to China, and have no other way to get there, unless I work my passage out."

"Very well, I like that. It looks industrious."

"You don't know of any ships going to China where I might possibly get a berth, do you?"

"Yes, I know one China ship. I sailed in her myself once."

"And why did you leave her?"

"The mate and I had a bit of a quarrel, and so he set me ashore."

"I shouldn't want to sail in the ship if the mate is a quarrelsome fellow."

At this the sailor laughed heartily.

"What are you laughing at?" said Alf.

"I was laughing to think of your leaving a ship because a mate was quarrelsome. Why, boy, they're all quarrelsome."

"I can't think that you mean quite all that you say. There must be some good-tempered ones among them, I am sure."

"Well, you'll know when you have tried it. I tell you, boy, that it makes all men cross to go to sea."

"Then I suppose you think one ship the same as another?"

"Just the same."

"Well, then, show me the China ship, and I will see whether she will take me."

"It will give us a stretch of a walk, for she is lying a long ways off this place."

"Very well. I shall not mind that."

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

A Swinging Song.

MERRY it is on a summer's day,
All through the meadows to wend away;
To watch the brooks glide fast or slow,
And the little fish twinkle down below;
To hear the lark in the blue sky sing,
Oh, sure enough, 'tis a merry thing,
But 'tis merrier far to swing, to swing!

Merry it is, on a winter's night,
To listen to tales of elf and sprite;
Of caves and castles so dim and old —
The dismalest tales that ever were told;
And to laugh, and then to sing,
You may take my word is a merry thing,
But 'tis merrier far to swing, to swing!

Down with the hoop upon the green —
Down with the swinging tambourine;
Little heed we for this or for that;
Off with the bonnet, off with the hat.
Away we go like birds on the wing!
Higher yet! higher yet! "Now for the King!"
This is the way we swing, we swing!

Scarcely the bough bends, the girls are so light;
Mount up behind them, there that is right!
Down bends the branch; swing them away
Higher yet—higher yet—higher, I say!
Oh, what a joy 'tis! Now let us sing,
"A pear for the Queen—an apple for the King!"
And shake the old tree as we swing, we swing.

Mary Howitt.

The Penguin.

THE cold regions near the poles are inhabited by numerous animals and birds, which rejoice in the climate of those frozen seas. One of the most curious of these birds, is called the penguin. He is upwards of three feet high, and his plumage is short and waterproof. He has no wings, but, instead of them, small flappers, that appear like arms. His feet are webbed, and placed so far back that when standing he is upright like a man.

This bird is found in great numbers on the islands in the South Pacific Ocean and in Patagonia. On Macquarie Island, Mr. Bennett, a naturalist, saw about forty thousand continually landing, and the same number going to sea. On shore they were arranged as regularly as a regiment of soldiers, and in as solid a manner; the young birds are in one place, the molting birds in another, and the setting hens in a third, and the other birds in a fourth; and so strictly is the order kept, that if a bird of one class goes into the ranks of another, it is instantly driven out.

As the penguin has no wings, he is, of course, unable to fly; and as his movements on land are very awkward, the sea is where he shows forth his powers. He is a very remarkable swimmer and diver. Fish form his sole food, and the food of his young; and his wonderful powers of diving and swimming are used in catching them.

Besides his waterproof plumage to keep him from getting wet, there is a layer of fat just beneath his skin to protect him from the cold; and he is just as comfortable and happy in his icy home as the humming-bird is in his warm home. The more we study natural history, the more we shall see how wonderfully God has fitted every living creature for the life it has to lead, and the more we shall be led to say with the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches."

For the Myrtle.

The White Violet.

In green fields, far away, some blue violets grew on the verge of a brook which went rippling over the pebbles until it reached the great ocean. The sun smiled through the pine boughs upon them. Even the sky was not so blue as the violets.

One night, when all the flowers were sleeping, the breeze, which had wandered about all day

long and had not yet gone to rest, whispered to one of the violets of a child who lay sick in a cottage across the brook, and begged it to go to her. The violet promised to go. The next morning the violet told to the other violets its purpose, and the brook, hearing, told it to all the other flowers that grew on its banks, and they all bowed their heads while the sunflower prayed to God to take care of the violet on its errand of love.

The violet went, and every morning and evening the sick child looked at it and smiled, while it filled the room with its fragrance. Every morning and evening too the flowers all prayed for the one that was away. So summer passed and autumn came with its sharp winds, and still the violet shed its fragrance in the room, though the deep blue was almost gone. One morning the child took the violet and kissed it, and then fell asleep. Then the violet knew that its work was done, and went back to its home by the brook. But the brook was still, and all the violets had died, and leaves covered them up. The green grass was faded like the flowers, and the violet was all alone. The sharp winds swayed it to and fro, and bowed its head to the ground. But an angel looked down from heaven and smiled upon it, and in a day or two the snow fell, and washed it white like itself. The violet lifted its head for a moment and then died.

Winter passed, spring came again. The birds sung and the brooks flowed on as before; the blue violets bloomed on its verge just the same, but among them were some beautiful white ones, and they grew there summer after summer, and will always grow there. And little children and their mothers who come to the woods to gather violets, find that the white ones have even a sweeter fragrance, and love them as much as the blue ones. Perhaps they would love them more if they could know what I do about them.

M. C. Schouler.

PROMPTED BY LOVE. One morning found little Dora busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't that hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look like sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly.

Birds in Semmer.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy tress, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon —
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And, hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call:
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!

Come up, come up! for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What a joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee.
To go when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old.
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be.

Just a Thought.

If we never wasted our sunshine,
Or hung it in borrowed shrouds,
We might save enough, most any day,
To gild to-morrow's clouds.

And even rain came pouring,
Now and then a chilling stream,
If garnered well, we'd have in store
For every drop a beam.

Children's Sunday.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Children's Sunday was observed by our people in Shelburne Falls the 16th. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers. Ten children were dedicated. It was a very happy occasion.

—The Children's Sunday was duly observed in North Adams. The church was decorated with evergreens and flowers the children performed the singing, and the pastor preached in view of the occasion. June 11th, 1871, the school was reorganized with five or six scholars. It now has over a hundred, and its concerts draw a full house.

—Sunday the 16th was Children's Sunday at the Shawmut Church. The pulpit was beautifully decorated with trailing smilax and choice flowers, an elaborate cross being placed in the centre, with bouquets on each side. The children of the school occupied the pews in the centre of the church, and after the anthem by the choir, recited a selection from the Scriptures in concert. After the sermon, those having children to be dedicated, were invited to present them at the altar. About ten or twelve little ones, from two to five years old, were brought forward by their parents, and the beautiful service of the dedication was performed by the pastor. The Scripture lesson read by the pastor included the description of the childhood of Moses.

NEW YORK.

—A correspondent of the *Universalist* writes as follows: "The 11th, being Children's Sunday, proved a happy day for the little folks at the Universalist Churches in this city; all of which I believe devoted the morning service to the lambs of the flock. Personally I can speak only of the services at Dr. Chapin's church in the morning, and the Mission School in the afternoon. Children's Sunday has always been an interesting occasion at the church first named, and the beautiful display of flowers appeared to be fully up to former celebrations, and worthy of the well-known liberality of the congregation. The opening services were as usual, with the exception that the two hymns were sung with excellent taste by the Sunday School children aided by the Quartette, the first of which, having been written for the occasion, I take the liberty of enclosing. It is the following

Bring flowers! bring flowers this glorious morn,
The fairest and brightest that gladden our eyes;
With flowers, fresh flowers our altar adorn!
And let their sweet ragrance to Heaven arise.

Bring flowers! fresh flowers! wherever they grow;—
From forest and meadow, from garden and wild;—
Unsullied and white as the new-fallen snow,
And sweet as the face of an innocent child.

Bring children! dear children! what lovelier sight
Than children and flowers can here be displayed?
And may our kind Father look down with delight
On the loveliest objects His wisdom has made.

Bring flowers! their beauty soon passes away;
The fairest and brightest grow faded and dim;
But they, who their Heavenly Father obey,
Shall live and rejoice through the ages with Him.

Dr. Chapin then took for his text I. Kings vi: 7, 'And the house when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while in building.' The preacher proceeded to describe, in his own eloquent manner, the gradual but silent unfolding of the flower, the beauty and perfume of which were far beyond any human skill, as an illustration of the superiority of the silent forces of nature over all the noise and bustle that more demonstrative efforts could command. The voice of the thunder, the sweep of the tornado, and the shock of the earthquake are but temporary interruptions to the quiet stillness that pervades the unseen forces that move the world. The transformation of the seasons—so silent yet so wonderful in results that, were it not for their familiarty, how miraculous would they appear,—such are the influences that silently work in the formation of character, whether for good or evil. He then made an application of the subject to silent but powerful influences of example on the part of teachers and parents in moulding the character of the rising generation, and of the silent yet potent influence which they are to wield in the future, in language that Dr. Chapin alone can command, and that it would be simply absurd for me to attempt to report. After the benediction the ordinance of baptism was administered to thirty-two children. most of them scholars of the Sunday School, and then, from the beautiful pyramids of flowers, each scholar on passing out was supplied with a bouquet.

At the Mission School there was a generous, but not so full a display of flowers as at Dr. Chapins, but there was a display of neatly dressed boys and girls, whose clean, smiling, happy faces were as charming to behold as any flower bed you would wish to look upon, and from their general appearance and orderly conduct you would hardly suspect they were scholars of a mission school. The usual order of services was somewhat changed so as to combine the Sunday School and religious services that usually follow into one, and the interest of the occasion was greatly enhanced by some interesting lessons in practical life from Rev. Mr. Fluhrer."

RHODE ISLAND.

—At Rev. Mr. Rugg's church in Providence, Children's Sunday is reported as one of the most interesting of occasions. The decorations were extensive and beautiful. After an address by the pastor, seventeen infants and children were baptized, and twenty-two persons in all were received into full membership on profession of faith. We have received from Mrs. J. E. Myrick, teacher in the Sunday School, from whose class were some of the members confirmed, a poem written for the young ladies at their request, which we are glad to give here

CONFIRMATION.

Fragrance from flowers stealing,
Music from organ pealing,
A band of maidens kneeling
As if in prayer.
The silent congregation
Waiting in expectation
To witness confirmation,
A service rare.

The pastor rises slowly,
And to those kneeling lowly
Spoke words so pure and holy,
It made me weep.
Oh! may they strive untiring,
Ever to Heaven aspiring,
Fulfil all thy requiring,
Their vows to keep

Life loses naught of pleasure,
But gains in countless measure
By laying up our treasure
Above in Heaven.
Now to our church belonging,
May they, its walks adorning,
Rejoice that in life's morning
Their hearts were given.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XCIII

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

"Ye are the temple of God."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xxi. 23–33; Mark xi. 27–32; xii. 1–12; Luke xx. 1–8.

Question. — Where did Jesus walk when he come again to Jerusalem?

Answer. — Mark xi. 27.

Q. — Who came to him there?

A. — Mark xi. 27.

Q. — What questions did they ask him?

A. — Mark xi. 28.

Q. — How did Jesus answer them?

A. — Mark xi. 29.

Q. — What was the question which Jesus asked in reply?

A. — Mark xi. 30.

Q. — Why would they not say that John's baptism was from heaven?

A. — Mark xi. 31.

Q. — Why did they not dare to say it was of men?

A. — Mark xi. 32.

Q. — What did they decide to say to Jesus?

A. — Mark xi. 33.

Q. — What did Jesus then say to them?

A. — Mark xi. 33.

Q. — What illustration of their spirit did he address them?

A. — Math xxi. 28.

Q. — When the father asked one of his sons to work in his vineyard, what did the son say?

A. — Math. xxi. 29.

Q. — What did he do after this?

A. — Math. xxi. 29.

Q. — What did the other son say when asked to work in the vineyard?

A. — Math. xxi. 30.

Q. — What did this son do?

A. — Math. xxi. 30.

Q. — What inquiry did Jesus now make of chief priests and elders?

A. — Math xxi. 31.

Q. — What was their reply?

A. — Math. xxi. 31.

Q. — What did he assure them the publicans would do?

A. — Math. xxi. 31.

NOTE. The publicans were the most despised citizens of the Jewish nation. Believing that Jews, as the chosen people of God, should ever be a free people, and that they should receive tribute from other nations rather than pay to other nations, they despised and hated the publicans because, as they thought, they were aiding in the unrighteous work of taking freedom from the children of God. But the Saviour assures them that the publicans, though seeming so far from the kingdom of God, are nearer than those who seem near but are serving him with an untrue heart.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

1. God giveth grace to.
2. Is a well-spring of life.
3. The love of is the root of all evil.
4. Brought to light by the gospel.
5. Is the fulfiling of the law.
6. He that sought shall reap vanity.
7. Worketh patience.
8. Exhorted to submit to the elder.

My whole all Christians should be clothed with.

Answer.

JUNE 22. The field is the world.

THE MYRTLE

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